His. Office

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

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"*Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.*"—MATT. 1: 23.

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TESTIMONY THAT ABIDES.

REMARKS BY JOSEPH E. ROBINSON, PRESIDENT OF THE CALIFORNIAN MISSION, AT THE GENERAL CONFERENCE, OCTOBER 7, 1904.

THE testimony of my brethren in regard to missionary work is much the same as I would give. I love my associates and companions. I greet the fathers and mothers of the Elders in our mission, and I assure you that as the Lord gives us strength and light, and keeps us humble, we are striving to uphold the principles that you have inculcated in our minds. For I want to tell the mothers that despite the learning that your sons have received in schools, in religion classes and in the higher institutions of our State, the teachings of the mothers shine out behind it all, just as does the name of the great architect of the mighty tower which Ptolemy Philadelphus erected to his memory. You may remember that this great king had thought to perpetuate his name by erecting what was once one of the wonders of the world, and in order that he should not be forgotten, he ordered that written high upon its face, should be his name; and by the lights at the top of this tower the mariners at sea and in the delta of the Nile were guided at night. His name, however, was inscribed in plaster, and in time it wore away, and the name of Sostratus, the Greek, shone out as the architect and the builder of that great pile. And so in the inner life, and in the labors and the devotion of the Elders in the missionary field, shine out the teachings of the mother. They breathe anew the prayers they have learned at mother's knee; they live for the love of mother. Men have come to me in tears and have told me how

in times of trial, when the tempter would have beguiled them, and they would have listened to his voice, and have departed perhaps from the path of rectitude, the face and the prayers of mother have arisen before them and they could not do it. I want you mothers in Israel to know that I feel this way, so far as the teachings you have given your sons are concerned.

Speaking of material things, it is not long since that a gentleman called at our office and asked for the president of the mission. When he found who it was, it rather astonished him to see such a boy, and he wanted to know if I was sure of the matter. He then proceeded to take off a great muffler and disclosed the uniform of a Catholic Priest. He said to me: "Mr. Robinson, I am a Catholic priest, but I have come to the conclusion that no man can live a correct life in celibacy. I am desirous of taking to myself a wife and answering the ends of my creation by raising a family. I know nothing of your religion except that your people are the most successful colonizers in the world; that you are a home-building and a home-loving people; that the system of economics which has prevailed among your people, the plans laid out by your founders in making settlements and bringing the people together, has brought to the smaller hamlets many of the privileges of city life in the way of drama, music, and art, and that nausteology or home-sickness is hardly known among them. I am desirous to know what opportunity there would be for me to get a home among the Saints." I assured him that he could not expect to gain a living or to build a home among us without effort and labor; that there was no paid ministry with us, and that he could not receive a salary for teaching and preaching, as he was receiving at that time. He replied that this would not deter him from the effort. The crucial point with him, however, was whether we believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God or not; and when I told him that we most assuredly did, and that we believed what the Scriptures said, and there is no name given under heaven by which mankind can be saved except the name of Jesus Christ, he remarked, "Well, I presume that in a sense we are all sons of God, but I do not believe that Jesus the Christ was any more or less than the son of Joseph." And yet he was a teacher of Christianity!

I have been asked three other times in my missionary experience, whether we, as a people, believed in Jesus the Christ—once by a sprig of nobility from England, and twice by other travelers—and my first thought was, how useless it is to work against such lack of understanding upon the part of the people. Then, I thought, why the very fact that they know so little of us and of our belief makes it all the more necessary for us to preach to them the Gospel of Jesus the Christ; to let them know that God has spoken from the heavens; that His Church, with all its gifts and powers, its Priesthood and authority, has been established on the earth for the salvation of men; that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God; that Prophets and Revelators guide the Church to-day, and that the destiny of the Church of Christ is assured. For I know, my brethren and sisters, that men of God, men who are led by His Spirit, are at the helm, and that they will guide most successfully this work in the last days for the uplifting of humanity, until all nations shall have heard the sound of the Gospel, and until every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is the

Christ to the glory of God the Father. I know, not only by what I have seen and read of the fulfillment of prophecy, that Joseph Smith was a Prophet, but by direct inspiration and revelation, as every man and woman may know by seeking for it in sincerity and faith. I well remember when, as a raw country boy, I first came into this Tabernacle and heard President Taylor, addressing the congregation, and as he did so, he put up his coat collar, rounded up his shoulders and warned the brethren and sisters that there was a storm coming, and for them to prepare to meet it. He foreshadowed what would take place because of certain conditions, and predicted that our fathers and mothers would suffer, and many of them perhaps would die in exile, while others might be incarcerated in prison and our property confiscated. I put that down as the first utterance of a prophet of God that I had heard. Did I live to see the fulfillment of it? Why, I remember in my own father's family, when on one occasion I went to visit him, as he did not rear me. The shades of night were falling, the sun was sinking in the west, and he came to bid me good night. I had thought to spend the night with him in converse, and so I said, "Father, you are not going away, are you?" Said he "My boy, because I will not ignore those whom I have sworn to cherish and love, I must find safety in the caverns and rocks up here above our city," and none of his sons knew where he laid his head at night. And so, I know, from some things that have entered into my life, that God reveals His secrets unto men, and that those who fear Him and keep His commandments need not be in the dark nor have doubts and misgivings. They may know by the light of eternal truth that the Gospel is true, and that it will save and exalt all men in the presence of God who will obey it. God grant that we may be true to it, that His peace may be in our homes, joy in our hearts, and love towards all men actuate us, that plenty may wait upon our gates. and that, eventually, we may be saved with our loved ones in His presence This is my prayer in Jesus' name. Amen.

God has built the heavens in wisdom to declare His glory and to show forth His handiwork. There are no iron tracks with bars and bolts, to hold the planets in their orbits. Freely in space they move, ever changing, but never changed; poised and balancing; swaying and swayed; disturbing and disturbed, onward they fly, fulfilling with unerring certainty their mighty cycles. The entire system forms one grand complicated piece of celestial machinery; circle within circle, wheel within wheel, cycle within cycle, revolutions so swift, as to be completed in a few hours; movements so slow that their mighty periods are only counted by millions of years.

Are we to believe that the Divine Architect constructed this admirably adjusted system to wear out and to fall in ruins, even before one single revolution of its complex scheme of wheels had been performed? No; I see the mighty orbits of the planets slowly rocking two and fro, their figures expanding and contracting, their axes revolving in their vast periods; but stability is there. Every change shall wear away; and after sweeping through the grand cycle of cycles, the whole system shall return to its primitive condition of perfection and beauty.—O. M. Mitchell.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1904.

EDITORIAL

COTTAGE MEETINGS.

THIS is the season when good work may be done by the means of small cottage meetings. During the long, cold evenings many people will readily join the family circle in such meetings, and listen to the songs and testimonies of the Elders. There is a freedom, also, in the cottage meeting which is not found in the larger gatherings, the Elders may become personally acquainted with the visitors, shake them by the hand, and chat kindly with them. Thus acquaintences are made which lead to the friendship necessary to a proper presentation of the Gospel.

The Saints may greatly aid the Elders in this work in opening their houses for cottage meetings, and inviting in their friends and neighbors. Let none be timid because they have not large or fine rooms. The poorest may be clean and tidy, and in such a place, the Spirit of the Lord will be pleased to visit, and that, after all, is the important requisite. Some of the best meetings are held in the cottages of the Saints, meetings long to be remembered by those who participate in them.

As the holding of street meetings is now impracticable, it is urged that a special effort be made to hold cottage meetings both among Saints and strangers. There should be no cessation of work because winter is here. When the cold is without, the work should be continued by the cosy fire within.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

THIS is the proverbial season for the making of resolutions, and the turning over of new leaves in our record making journey of life. If the page devoted to the recording of the past year's doings is somewhat blotted, the calender which is headed January 1, 1905, gives us a clean, white page upon which to make our record for the coming year.

It is well to make a good resolution once a year, and to keep it. Twenty-five of such in twenty-five years ought to add much to the sum total of ones character; but why should January 1st have a monopoly on resolution making? January 1st is a good day, indeed, but so is May 1st and July 1st. There is no one best day—in fact, "every day is the best day in the year" for making good resolutions, or turning over new leaves, if the condition of the old one makes it advisable.

In this matter of resolving, it is well to proceed cautiously and wisely. The making of resolutions amounts to nothing, if they are not carried into execution. It is one of the easiest things in the world to make a mental promise, but it is also one of the easiest things to let the promise become delinquent. We have heard it said that failure is no disgrace, if we can only be up and at it again, but there is an element of danger in oft-repeated failures, in that they may become habitual. Rather ought success to become habitual with us, for we progress in spite of our failures, rather than because of them.

The best way to begin then—and we will agree that January 1st is a good time to make a beginning—is not to encompass perfection within our resolution, but to decide on something that we know we are capable of carrying out. Certainly, there are evils with us that the weakest can lay aside. Decide on one, bring the full powers of our mind to bear upon it, with the help of the Lord, until it is accomplished. One victory, be it ever so small, will give hope, courage, and strength for the next. When number one is accomplished, pass on to the next, and make another resolution then and there, whether it is January 1st or not. A year should certainly not pass between each step forward. Advancement should be made all through the twelve months, for the goal of perfection is a long way off, and many are the difficulties we shall have to surmount ere we reach the object of our desires.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies;
And we mount to its summit, round by round."

N. A.

THIS number of the MILLENNIAL STAR closes its sixty-sixth volume. Its life has been contemporaneous with the history of the great latter-day movement and the establishing of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; and the part the little periodical has played has been important. We hope the past volume has been worthy of the heritage of the past, and desire also that the coming volume may add to the lustre of the STAR which has sent its beams into a world of darkness for so many years.

PRESIDENT GRANT and the other Elders in the Liverpool office have received many seasonable greetings from their friends and co-laborers in the field, which tokens of goodwill are hereby appreciatingly acknowledged. As a rule, the Elders and Saints in the various branches of the mission spent Christmas in gatherings of good fellowship and rejoicing, strengthening the body with the good things of life, and refreshing the soul by a communion with the Spirit of the Lord. The season's greetings are extended to all readers of the STAR.

TRANSFERS.—Elder Lawrence Ritchie is transferred from the London to Scottish conference; Elder Calvin Roberts is transferred from the Manchester to Bristol conference.

RELEASES.—Elder John Y. Walker, of the Bristol conference; and Elders Joseph S. Barlow and Roland J. Freeman of the Nottingham conference

are honorably released to return home per s.s. *Canadian*, December 31st, 1904.

RELEASES AND DEPARTURES.—Elder Claude T. Barnes, of the London conference was honorably released to accompany Sister H. S. Goddard, sailing per s.s. *Cedric*, Wednesday, December 21st, 1904. Elder R. H. Smith also sailed same date.

NOTES FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

PRESIDENT STEWART ECCLES writes from Glasgow, December 24th, 1904, as follows: "For some time past the Elders in the north of Scotland have felt greatly encouraged in their labors, and to their satisfaction, last Sunday, December 18th, 1904, Elder George W. Webster had the pleasure of baptizing eight honest souls. This makes a total of fourteen that have identified themselves with the true cause since last May, in Aberdeen. We also take pleasure in reporting nine baptisms in Glasgow since November 1st, 1904."

ELDERS GEORGE F. WEBB AND H. W. VINCENT, laboring in Kings Lynn, report that after some months of labor against the indifferent spirit shown by the people, they have at last met with success in holding cottage meetings, which they hope will continue.

A "MORMON" DEFAMER CORNERED.

THE Rev. Mr. Wishard is well known in Utah as an anti-"Mormon" agitator. For many years he has spoken against the Latter-day Saints, misrepresented their doctrines and their lives.

Elder George E. Manwaring writes the following interesting letter from Indianapolis, Ind., under date of December 6th, 1904, to the *Deseret News*, regarding an incident which occurred in the Rev. gentleman's recent trip through the States:

"The Rev. Mr. Wishard of Salt Lake made his appearance here last week, and on Sunday afternoon he exposed 'Mormonism' to a select audience of Indianapolis ladies. I have not learned how much he received for his lecture. This, however, is immaterial, as the gentlemen was actuated by a feeling of pity for us, and a desire to show the good people of this city what a monstrous octopus they were harboring, rather than a desire for remuneration. (?)

"His text was a drawing card, and his manner of handling it was certainly very effective. How the hearts of the audience warmed toward him as he depicted to them the awful condition in which he found the 'Mormons' when he went to Utah!

"He held them spellbound while he repainted the old, old picture, adding a little here, a touch there, and a little more coloring in another place, to make it more effective, until 'Mormonism' stood revealed in all its hideousness, as a combination of all the absurdities and superstition of all the denominations

of the world, according to the picturing. His voice vibrated with the intensity of his emotion as he painted a mind picture of his struggle to bring them into the light; how they were kept in ignorance because they were not permitted to read the Bible and how poor and ignorant they really were. He introduced the Bible there and worked for fourteen years to save them.

"After his lecture, a very intelligent lady stepped to the front and asked him if he had made many converts among them and if very many were converted? On receiving an answer in the negative, she asked the reason, and he explained that they read very little in the Bible and were, besides, under the control of the priesthood. She wanted to know how it was that Utah, being composed of nearly all 'Mormons,' stood third in education among the states of the Union if they were so ignorant. The gentleman felt a little uneasy, but to such an inventive genius answers come readily. The next question was, 'Mr. Wishard, is it not strange that any person possessing ordinary intelligence should become a convert to all the absurdities you have described "Mormonism" to be?'

"'Yes, it is indeed strange,' was the answer. Quite a number of ladies had gathered around and now was the time to explode the bomb. 'Mr. Wishard,' continued the lady, 'I am a "Mormon," and what you have said here to-night is untrue. There are no people on the earth who study their Bibles as persistently as do the "Mormons," as you choose to call them, and their missionaries are not tramps, and never beg nor take collections from anyone. On the contrary, they do as the Apostles did of old, sacrifice all they have to teach the Gospel to the people from their own Bibles. What is your object, Mr. Wishard, in coming here and maligning and misrepresenting a people who have proven themselves to be among the most intelligent in the United States, and a people who have a higher standard of morality than any other class of people on earth?'

"He evaded her question by telling her she wasn't a good 'Mormon.'"

RUSSIA AS GOG AND MAGOG.

Rabbi Simon of Washington, D. C., Hebrew Congregation, declared in a recent address to his people that the Bible foretells positively and explicitly the downfall of Russia, says the *Washington Star*. This is the interpretation placed by him and other Hebrew scholars upon the thirty-eight and thirty-ninth chapters of the Book of Ezekiel, and he believes the prophecy may be fulfilled in the war now going on in the far east.

"Son of man, set thy face against Gog, the land of Magog, the chief prince of Rosh, of Mesheck and Tubal, and prophecy against him."

This is the introduction to the two chapters mentioned, as translated by Rabbi Simon, which differs somewhat from that of the English Bible, though it agrees with the "revised version." In accordance with the view that Ezekiel saw in a vision the doom of the Sclav, "Gog" is the czar; "Magog," the czardom; "Rosh" is Russia; "Mesheck" the Muscovite, and "Tubal" the subject tribes about the Caspian sea and in Siberia.

Following out this idea God, through His prophet, announces that He is against Gog and his land, and that terrible punishment shall be visited upon

Magog by the Most High, because of the oppression of Israel. Rabbi Simon in his address said this punishment was surely in store for Russia as the result of long persecution of the Jews and the massacre of innocent people in outbreaks of race and religious hatred. The rabbi admonished his flock that the end of Israel's captivity was approaching, and that they should look upon the Japanese nation as the possible instrument of vengeance in the hand of Jehovah.

AT THE TABLE.

Two years have sped since first I led
You to the table, dear,
And you sat over there alone
And I sat smiling here.

A year or two flew past, and you
No longer sat alone.
A little one was in your arms,
Your darling and my own.

And then another year or so,
And some one else was there;
And Willie sat near me, you know,
While Trottie claimed your care.

The years have sped since first I led
You to the table, dear,
And you looked queenly at the foot
And I felt kingly here.

To-day, as I look down at you,
On either side I see
A row of hungry little ones
All gazing up at me.

We've added leaves, one after one,
And you are far away—
Aye, thrice as far, my dear, as on
That happy, happy day.

But though we sit so far apart—
You there and I up here—
Two rows of hearts from one fond heart
Stretch down to you, my dear.

Thank God for every extra leaf
The table holds to-day,
And may we never know the grief
Of putting one away.

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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